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The Independent, V. 31, Thursday, August 31, 1905, [Whole Number: 1574]

The Independent

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THE INDEPENDENT

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1905

VOLUME THIRTY-ONE.

5555

ACCEPT THE TRUTH WHEREVER FOUND.

5555

DARE TO MAINTAIN THE TRUTH.

5555

52 NUMBERS:
\$1.00
1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Lady In the Case

By Virginia Lella Wentz

Copyright, 1905, by Virginia Lella Wentz

"I think you'll have to retain your knife and fork for several other courses," said the Hon. Joseph Brewster in a matter of fact way. It was during a table d'hôte dinner on a Rhine boat, and he addressed the stranger who at first glance shortly after they had steamed out of Cologne he had decided was a likable fellow.

"Yes, really?" answered the young man. "It's a bit difficult to be sure of one's etiquette on foreign shores."

"Oh, I felt sure you were an American," cried the older man delightedly. "And I spoke to you because I was rather homesick for the voice of one of my countrymen. There were two from across the table the voice of a Chicago butcher."

"Like 'em to see I mean business," he winked to nobody in particular and to everybody in general as he pounced on the hand of the surprised waiter, interrupted in his duties, a quantity of small change.

The likable stranger looked at Judge Brewster and murmured humorously as he caught the older man's smile.

"Well, there's another one of our countrymen. One gets a bit ashamed of the species though—eh?"

They went on deck together shortly after they left Cologne. The younger fellow, whose name was Gale, told stories of the Philippines, where he had been for five years. He had important business in Germany and had come home that way—for the United States was home to him. He had been in the Philippines, where he had been for five years. He had important business in Germany and had come home that way—for the United States was home to him. He had been in the Philippines, where he had been for five years. He had important business in Germany and had come home that way—for the United States was home to him.

risk life with me! I, too, am willing now to risk it, although there was a time when I wasn't."

"Love isn't everything, my friend," pursued the judge meditatively. "It isn't everything—not even from the world's point of view. Have you thought, when you're advising her to take this step with you, of what the world will say?"

"Oh, likely enough, the world will call her a fool. But let the world go hang! When two people love each other as much as she and I do I tell you there isn't much else that counts. We are very serious, aren't we? Chance acquaintances shall enjoy the fleeting moment. What a lot of people are going to get off at Bingen?"

The meditative look had not left the judge's eyes while Gale had been talking. When he ceased he recalled him self with a start.

"Beg pardon? Oh, yes, all the Bader people?"

The kindly judge had taken such a fancy to Gale that he had to see him go wrong, and as the dusk deepened thickly he made one final plea.

"I can't forget what you've been telling me about—the lady in the case," said he solemnly. "You see, I am so much older than you are, I went on in a lower tone of voice, 'that you don't surely take offense. No? Then I may speak? It's like this: If the woman you love runs off with you, the world isn't going to say she's braving it. Do you realize what a thing you suggest means to a nice woman? It's a good, honest, plain speaking to her; that her friends must be among a set of people who really are what she is only called, and that she's thrown away everything but love for a man!'"

"Who didn't have love big enough for her to keep her from running her life," finished the judge calmly. "Now, of course, if this lady's husband is a lover, he doesn't support her, or anything like that, she can leave him and get a divorce in regular order. I'm not in for divorces myself, though perhaps that's a matter of taste. But if she leaves him and runs away with another man, she's thrown away everything but love for a man!"

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The Guinea Worm.
The famous guinea worm is an inhabitant of the tropical regions of Asia and Africa, existing in ponds, rivers and swamps. It penetrates the skin of any portion of the human body without being felt and when once it finds lodgment grows to an enormous length. The body of the creature seldom exceeds in diameter that of a large pin, and it inhabits the flesh just beneath the skin. When full grown it is not less than twelve feet in length. In order to accommodate itself it must wind several times around the legs or body. Should the guinea worm find a home under the human cuticle and grow to a large size there is danger of mortification setting in when the parasite bursts, as it is sure to do sooner or later. In order to guard against an accident of this character great care is exercised in extracting the unwelcome intruder. The skin is opened at the end of the creature, and the body pulled out and wrapped around a small round stick. This stick is turned very slowly for days, or even weeks, until the entire worm has been extracted.

In the Later Years
By Anaisia Barnard
Copyright, 1905, by Anaisia Barnard

The boy and the girl met in Sunday school. She was six—rather old for her years; he was twelve.

They were selected to "speak a piece" at a family little thing in which she held her hands behind her while he guessed what she held. He repeatedly failed to guess. Then she would urge him to guess again. Finally, losing all patience, she would cry, "Oh, you great, big, stupid boy—I've just got a kiss for you." Then, throwing him a sugary cake, she would run off.

Soon after the dialogue episode his mother sent her an invitation to the boy's birthday party. Filled with pride, she exhibited the note, with its picture of birds at the top.

The girl had a splendid time. First, each of the little girls was given a pair of ribbon reins with which she must catch a horse and break him out of the grand stand, where the judges sat smilingly in armchairs. The girl caught her "great, big, stupid boy" and was happy.

After that a man in a long black coat and wonderful flocks and the children's eyes grew wide with wonder. Then, such a supper-bouillon and turkey and chicken salad, each in turn, like real grownups! And olive! "What's them things?" asked the boy, when he discovered the olives. "Look like pecans."

"Oh, you great, big, stupid boy, don't you know olives?" the girl retorted scornfully.

"But I wanted to see if you did, girlie," he answered.

The little girl turned and looked at him. "Why do you call me that?" she asked.

"Because you call me 'stupid boy'?" he retorted.

"Because that piece said so?" she replied, her blue eyes smiling into his. "Don't you like it?"

"I—I don't mind—forn you," he said.

"But you haven't told me why you call me girlie," she said.

"Well, because—I like you, and that's what Uncle Jack calls Miss Paterson. I heard him say 'I can call you girlie when folks are round, but when we're alone I will call you sweet-heart.'"

"Sweetheart," the little girl murmured. "Papa calls mamma that sometimes. Sounds pretty, don't it? He must love her. Does he?"

"Yes, because I love you," he asserted proudly, playing with her curls. "Her hair isn't half as pretty and she hasn't got such big blue eyes. Mamma says you look like an angel, so she's blurted out, half ashamed of having you around."

"I don't want to be an angel," she retorted decisively. But after she got home she decided that she liked the boy better than ever.

The children were friends for two years. Then business reverses came to Mr. Hurlburt, the little girl's father, and they went abroad to live.

"You'll always be my sweetheart, girlie," the boy said to his little girl friend, "and I'll always be your sweetheart, too. And I'll marry you when I grow up. Don't forget me."

And she, understanding little of his meaning, said, "I won't." Then she lifted her face for his farewell kiss.

And the boy remembered, and his mother encouraged the thought of "girlie." She knew that the memory of the child's sweetness and innocence was good for her boy.

The drawing rooms of Mrs. Appleton's handsome home were thronged with guests. Two men stood talking, apart from the others. Their eyes were on the slender, graceful figure of a girl on the opposite side of the room. "I am sure I know her or have known her," Robert Worthington was saying. "I wish she would turn around."

"I believe she is some one whom Grace met abroad," Jack Appleton returned. "Her name is Hurlburt. Come, I'll present you." And without waiting for his friend's reply, he started forward and Worthington found himself being introduced to Miss Hurlburt.

"I think I used to know Miss Hurlburt long, long ago, before she was quite grown up," he said, looking at her frankly. He had held her in his thoughts so long that the meeting did not seem strange to him, but to her his smile was like the perfume from far off flowers which she had passed through sometimes, but could not remember where nor when.

"I think"—Then, with a rush of memory, it all came to her. "Oh, you are the boy I used to play with be-

fore we went to Europe to live. I'm so glad you remember me, but it's strange. How could you?"

"I was old enough to be impressionable, I suppose," he said, still looking at her. "I have always thought of you as 'girlie.'"

They were alone now. "Girlie," she exclaimed. "It sounds pretty, doesn't it?"

The man laughed boyishly. "That's just what you used to say in the old childhood days."

"Did I?" she asked, with wide open eyes. "Then suddenly, 'Why, yes, and I used to call you 'great, big, stupid boy.' Do you remember our piece?"

"Do I?" the man asked with unusual emphasis, Miss Hurlburt thought. "Every word. Shall we try it now?"

She had entered into his mood. "Yes, let us."

Her face, which before had seemed to Worthington overcast, was wreathed now in smiles like those he remembered on the sunny faced child.

"Now guess what I hold behind my back," she began. "Wait! That's the beginning! And it ended with, 'I've just got a kiss for you.' She hesitated slightly over the last sentence, blushing prettily."

The half-conscious love Worthington had felt for her always flamed into life. Looking up, she caught the expression in his eyes, and her own heart leaped. Then her color faded, leaving her white and frightened looking.

"Girlie," he said softly, "your memory has not failed you."

"You—you mustn't call me that now," she said. "It's different."

"Different? How?"

"Oh—and her voice was almost a sob—"don't you see, you great, big, stupid boy?" The words had come back to her. "It wouldn't be proper; I'm engaged." And she extended her hand to him with the claret of diamonds.

After a minute, when Worthington had swallowed some hard things that rose in his throat, he said, half questioningly:

"You—you are happy?"

"I'm not," she said, looking under her long lashes. The hand which wore the claret trembled. "I suppose so," she said. "I am doing my duty. Isn't that the surest road to happiness?"

"The surest road to happiness?" she said. "That's what you don't love the count—that the words were involuntary."

"Father wished it," she went on. "And I promised. I want you to marry me, and I have been waiting for you, friend Worthington," she said. They were the only ones who were good to him in his trouble."

At the mention of his name a light broke through the cloud which Worthington had watched fold about him while she spoke.

"Miss Hurlburt," he whispered eagerly, "do you remember my name—Robert Worthington?"

"I don't want to watch the effect it produced. Wonder, delight, sorrow, resignation, followed each other in quick succession. Then she looked him squarely in the eyes, telling him more plainly than words that she understood.

"I am glad you are here," she said, holding out her hand to him. "It was nice to see you again. I must go now."

"But—I may see you?"

"Robert Worthington is welcome," she said, and was gone.

Worthington saw the girl occasionally, but it was only a short time until he learned that she would never break a pledged troth. And yet—yes, he felt his heart was slipping into his keeping. At last, for both their sakes, he remained away from her.

One morning, when he was finding it particularly difficult to keep his resolution, he passed the house where she lived. He caught his eye. "Count Leonard Rhinold, charged d'affaires of the legation at N. died suddenly this morning. His engagement to Miss Dorothy Hurlburt, a beautiful American girl, was recently announced."

He read no further, but took the paper to his mother, his heart beating wildly, his eyes glowing with the light of love.

"Robert," he cried, look! Girlie is free, and now the 'great, big, stupid boy' will have his linings."

A PAINTER'S DREAM.
Pope's Story of the Sleep Vision of Sir Godfrey Kneiler.
I dreamed I was dead, said the painter. Before me I saw a door and a great number of people about it. As I went nearer I could distinguish Peter by his keys with some other of the apostles. They were admitting the people as they came next to the door. As the first after my coming up approached for admittance St. Peter said his name and that his name was Godfrey Kneiler. "I am a Roman Catholic," replied the spirit, "Go in then," said St. Peter, "and sit down in those seats on the right hand." The next was a Presbyterian. He was admitted, too, after the usual questions and ordered to sit down on the seat opposite the other.

My turn came next, and as I approached St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneiler. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing just by, turned toward me and said, with a great deal of earnestness, "What the famous Sir Godfrey Kneiler of England?"

The same sir, says I, "at your service." "On this St. Luke embraced me and said, 'I am glad to see you on the art we both of us had followed in this world and entered so far into the subject that he seemed almost to have forgotten the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey. I was so much taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But, apropos, pray, sir, what religion may you be of?"

"Why, truly, sir," says I, "I am of no religion." "Oh, sir," says he, "you will be so good then as to go in and take your seat where you please."

—Pope.

Origin of the Derby.
The twelfth Earl of Derby is unknown to the reader of the ordinary history book. Lovers of art know him vaguely as the peer who married the pretty and popular actress Eliza Farnham, whom the young Lawrence painted so brilliantly. But the early years

of his life were not so happy. He was a weak but very game player, and he was a close look. I wish you would cut me three or four switches from a peach tree before you go to work. If you hear the dog howling, you needn't stop hoeing corn on that account."

The woman lingered over her breakfast as long as she could, and when she finally donned her sunbonnet and wandered out to the smokehouse had several switches, a pail of water and a dipper in her hands.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," she saluted when she came to a halt.

"I was looking for my jackknife here last night, and I walked into this old trap," he said by way of explanation.

"Yes, I see. Is Mrs. Peters well?"

"About the same as usual."

"And the children?"

"Hang it, why don't you call Joe up and tell him to get me out of this? This infernal trap has about cut my leg off. It was anybody but you I'd have the law on 'em. Who knows how long I'll be laid up with this leg?"

"Mr. Peters," said Aunt Hannah in a very sober tone, "do you remember your promises to me?"

"How am I going to keep promises when all the town is agin' me? You are agin' me, too, or you wouldn't have set this trap for me."

—Pope.

Butter in Slices.
From time immemorial in Cambridge, England, the dairyman roll the butter so as to form a long stick weighing a pound, which they sell in slices, as if it were sausage. In the market the butter merchants do not need to use either weights or scales. A simple glance is sufficient for these people accustomed to the time honored practice. A very neat cut with the knife divides the yard into halves, quarters or eighths very exactly, and it appears that the customer is never given short measure.

The Last Word.
Bobby—Is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckley—Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckley—Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word.

Loved and Lost.
Nell—Love doesn't seem to agree with Maud. She is thinner by twenty pounds than she used to be. Belle—She has loved and lost, eh?

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—Shakespeare.

SAVING JIM PETERS
By Mary Donaldson
Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

In every village in the land there is a miser-dog who is pitied and condemned in the same breath. In the village of Glenville Jim Peters was the man. He was constitutionally lazy, was a toper from head to heel, and his wife and two children often wanted for clothes and food. Mr. Peters had been struggling with on numerous occasions. Women had given him tongue lashings, and men had hinted at tar and feathers. He had been induced to sign the temperance pledge on twenty different occasions, only to break it each time. He had offered him a drink, and he had been provided with work many times over, only to show his general laziness.

One day when the Woman's Mission society was holding its monthly meeting Aunt Hanna Davis brought up Jim Peters' case anew and declared that something should be done. She was given license to go ahead, and she proceeded to go over the old beaten track. Jim signed the pledge, agreed to stop chewing plug tobacco and go to work, and he even expressed an anxiety to "get religion" and become in time a deacon of the church. His good resolutions carried him along for two weeks, and then he fell down, and he fell hard; not only that, but he boasted around that Aunt Hanna was an easy person to deal with.

The good woman lived about a mile out of the village, having a farm of her own and enjoying the life of a spinster, and one morning she got up, and he even expressed an anxiety to "get religion" and become in time a deacon of the church. His good resolutions carried him along for two weeks, and then he fell down, and he fell hard; not only that, but he boasted around that Aunt Hanna was an easy person to deal with.

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Tracking Back a Common Saying.
It is a curious bit of literary exercise to take a common saying and trace it back to its origin. The common saying, for instance, "All that glitters is not gold." It is found in current literature everywhere and in a dozen different forms. Dryden renders it, "All, as they say, that glitters is not gold." Spenser says, "Gold all is not that doth golden seem." Lydgate has the same idea in the words, "All is not gold that outward sheweth bright." Chaucer expresses it in somewhat different phraseology. Middleton has it, "All is not gold that glitters." Shakespeare says, "All that glitters is not gold." Go a little farther back, however, and the same expression is found in the folkish collection of proverbs, and there is no doubt if a century or two were to set to work with the determination to hunt the proverb down, no matter how long it took, he would find it in Latin, Greek and most other ancient and dead languages. It is a saying that has been earnestly applied to fictitious bards and is no doubt as old as the science of metal working.

Entrapping Marine Monsters.
On the northern coast of Norway the fishermen get a yearly harvest from the whales which stray into the harbors. At certain localities, where the bays are almost landlocked, lofty stands are erected, similar to the other outlooks on the north Pacific, and when a school is sighted, scores of boats put out, and by the simple process of driving, hundreds of the oil producing cetaceans are entrapped. The Faroe Islands are famous for this method of whaling. One of the largest catches ever made was in Havnfjord, Iceland, where eleven hundred were driven ashore. The blackfish, or whales, come down the Atlantic coasts from the north, encounter shallow waters, then follow it along and are naturally led into the cul-de-sac awaiting them. Here the boats easily surround and drive the whales in.

NEW YORK HARBOR.
Some of the Wonders of This Vessel Crowded Port.
To present to the mind an easily conceived picture of New York harbor one might make the comparison of the upturned right hand, with the long, straight forefinger for the lower stretch of the Hudson, with the thumb, joint turned out, standing for the best East river and the palm of the hand representing upper New York bay. The three together make up the harbor of New York. As Hudson river shelters

most of the North Atlantic liners when in port, so does East river harbor those that go to make up the truly foreign fleets. Here they are, pier after pier of them—the steamers that go to the far countries. Mind the roll—Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, coast of Africa, Australia, India, China, Japan! And back again to the call of the ports—Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, St. Paul de Loanda, Cape Town, Tsimatave, Sydney, Singapore, Hongkong, Yokohama! And the strange stuff of their cargoes! Rubber from the Amazon swamps—the naked Indians tapping the trees and the slimy reptiles in the shadowy ooze; horn and tallow from the pampas—mark the centaur-like vaquero and his whirling riatas; gold dust, ivory, palm oil from the west coast. Dreams for you there! Palm oil and gold dust and ivory; elephants and sacrificial fires and trails of captive slaves; hemp, tea, silk and smuggled opium—and do not believe that opium is not smuggled into New York harbor to this day. You think of all that, and your imagination flames. The gentlemen in the pilot houses are not always in pilot moods. Wild eyed men glare out from pilot houses aloft, like eagles from their eyries, and pass the time of day. Says one: "Where'd y' think you're going? Back, will you?" And the other: "Back? Me back? Me?"

"You? Yes, you, you slop eyed, slack mouthed, spine twisted fresh water boob, you square headed, fat-headed!" And so on, detailing irremediable flaws in the gentleman, after which the pilot house down and across the water, and men glare out from pilot houses aloft, like eagles from their eyries, and pass the time of day. Says one: "Where'd y' think you're going? Back, will you?" And the other: "Back? Me back? Me?"

Speaking of Trousers.
"I have a great mind to get married after all," said the old bachelor. "It is so nice to have a woman to look after your clothes."

"Yes," replied the benedict. "But if they would only take as much interest in the creases as they do in the pockets it would be much better."—Chicago News.

HENRY HUDSON.
Born No One Knows Where and Died No One Knows How.
Hudson must have been at least forty when he sailed, but not more than twenty when he died. He lived for four years of it. A certain Henry Hudson, or Hudson, alderman of London and one of the founders of the Muscovy company, has been suggested as his grandfather, and the relationship is the more likely because it is certain that some of his name and kin were interested in the company. It may have been upon recommendation that he was first appointed to the command of a ship in the company's service in 1607. Of his early training and previous voyages nothing is known. The beginning of his history is as mysterious as its end. He was born no one knows where, and he died no one knows how. He comes into our knowledge on the quarter deck of a ship bound for the pole; he goes out of it in a crazy boat manned by eight sick men, and so fades away into the dim haze that hangs about the desolate ice floes.

The four voyages of Hudson of which we have record were not directed to absolutely unknown waters, but the observations made by his precursors were so untrustworthy that they were of little service except to mislead him. The object of his voyage in the service of the Muscovy company was "to discover the pole and to sail across it to the Islands of Spicery or Cathay," and on April 10, 1607, he, with John Hudson, his son, sixteen years old, and the ten men who made up the crew of the Hopeful, took the sacrament together at St. Ethelburga's, in Bishopsgate, "purposing to go to sea four days after." In the following year Hudson sailed again, still in the service of the company. They reached the Lofoten Isles in a month and rounded the North cape on June 1. A fortnight later they encountered one of those wonders of the deep which the seamen of that time were so often wont to witness and describe on June 15. "One of our company, looking overboard, saw a mermaid. Calling up some of the company to see her, one more came up, and by that time she was close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men. A little after a sea came up and overturned her. From the navel upward her back and breasts were like a woman (as they say that saw her); her body was as big as one of us, and she was very old, and long hair hanging down behind, of color, black. In her going down she saw her tail, which was like the tail of a porpoise and speckled like a mackerel. Their names that saw her were Thomas Hildesley, Robert Bayner, and the others. The really incredible part of the story is that no more than two men thought it worth while to go on deck to look at her.—W. J. Fletcher in Macmillan's Magazine.

Forced Liberty.
It is not often that miseries gets such a straightforward rebuke as in the case quoted by the Montclair Times. In the early days of primitive Methodism there traveled in England an eccentric minister named Neale, who was famous for his plain talking. On one occasion he was preaching missionary sermons at a village so noted for its small collections that he determined to pass the plate himself.

On his round he came to a farmer who was, as Mr. Neale well knew, the richest man in the place. This individual placed a penny on the plate. Mr. Neale stopped immediately and said in a loud voice:

"Take your penny out, man, take it out! Don't you see you're covered up your laborer's stipend?"

The rebuke was effectual, and a much more valuable coin was placed on the plate.

Cloves.
From Java, Sumatra, Mauritius, Zanzibar and Guinea come the little brown flower buds of the clove tree. When gathered the buds are red and are dried by exposure to the smoke of wood fires and afterward by the rays of the sun. In a very short time they become of a deep brown color. To secure a monopoly and thus keep up the price the Dutch in the seventeenth century destroyed all their clove trees except those in the island of Amboyna. The chief value of cloves lies in their essential oil, which forms about one-sixth of their whole weight.

THE INDEPENDENT

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E. S. MOSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1905.

PEACE AT LAST!

Japan, having taught the nations of the earth a lesson in heroic and efficient warfare, now imparts a greater and nobler object lesson in "responding to the dictates of humanity and civilization." The long and bloody war is ended. The Emperor of Japan authorized his representatives at Portsmouth to waive the question of reimbursement of war expenses and consented to a division of Sakhalin upon terms mutually acceptable. Let all the people of the earth rejoice and praise the Emperor for his magnanimity, and President Roosevelt for his persistent and intelligent efforts as a peacemaker!

When a horse balks bystanders pity the driver and feel like pelting the horse. When an automobile balks they are inclined to smile, unless they are owners of automobiles.

Those who are forecasting the result in November, as to Montgomery county, have the advantage of plenty of time in which to effect a revision of opinion, if necessary.

John Mitchell assures the country that there will be no anthracite coal strike, but this assurance is linked with at least one provisional statement—the demand of the Union that eight hours shall constitute a day's work for a miner.

The average imperialist can always be counted upon to favor big navies and standing armies. But ten to one he will see to it that he is at a safe distance when the lives of his fellowmen are to be endangered or sacrificed.

After Russia, Germany is the richest country in children. For every 10,000 inhabitants there are 363 living births a year, as against only 226 in France. Hence the increase of population in Germany is correspondingly great.

At this distance surface indications support the conclusion that the representatives of a considerably battered political machine in Philadelphia are strenuously trying to out-reform the Reformers. A more interesting spectacle in the domain of politics has rarely been witnessed.

Editor Dougherty's Bryn Mawr Record inaugurated volume six last week. The Record shows improvement with increasing age, and we sincerely bespeak for it the measure of success it richly deserves. The Record is frank in its editorial comments and is doing well its part in sustaining the higher grade of country journalism.

The editor of the Royersford Tribune seems to hold a peculiarly fortunate position in being so fully advised with relation to the "Eternal Intention which willed that we should be at all." The editor of the INDEPENDENT makes a low bow and hopes to become advised as to the basic support of our esteemed contemporary's unique and inspiring position.

The Boston Globe says: "Russia wishes the world to understand that, considering all the circumstances, it was very magnanimous of her not to require the payment of an indemnity by Japan." No matter. Japan was victorious in war and is now more than victorious in peace by exemplifying the very essentials of Christianity. "Poor heathen!"

The Prohibitionists in State Convention last week nominated the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, Mayor Berry of Chester. This action on the part of the Prohibs, in endorsing the nominee of a political party that has during all the years of its existence strenuously opposed all "sumptuary legislation," must be taken as evidence that they have a serious grievance against the Republicans and their management of the affairs of government in the State, including Philadelphia, of course. The Prohibitionists will never be likely to form a permanent union with the Democratic party for the purpose of securing legislation in keeping with the tenets of their political faith. Never. The present coalition is temporary, and is also to be regarded as a rather shrewd move on the part of the enemies of the liquor traffic. For the reason: The disintegration of the Republican party will favor the enlargement of the Prohibition party.

The work of Nature, as revealed in the realms of animal and vegetable life, represents varying degrees as to quality; from inferior to superior. Man is no exception. The difference between a South Sea Islander and the most highly developed member of a white race, is one of degree in the evolution and growth of brain structure. In the one instance the work is relatively inferior; in the other, superior. As a rule men are qualified by Nature to perform certain kinds of labor much better than other kinds. When they attempt to accomplish tasks for which they have no natural aptitude they fail, and they themselves, as well as Society, suffer. It is an evidence of higher civilization, first to recognize all forms of legitimate labor as useful and honorable, and, second, to cease undertaking to make great scholars, statesmen, thinkers, and so on, out of men adapted by Nature for other, and just as important, service to themselves and others. Another evidence of higher civilization is not to "educate" the serviceableness out of men, but to teach them that their greatest usefulness and contentment of mind must be found within the scope and application of their natural endowments, and to insist upon a free-for-all and artificially unhampered struggle for the best results to be secured in their respective fields of effort. The work of Nature must be accepted as it is, and the most made of it, in so far as the human brain becomes competent so to do through observation and experience. In short, upon the securement and rational application of demonstrable facts as to the processes of Nature depend the greatest earthly good of the human race, as a whole. When this truth once becomes, if it ever does, generally recognized, nations (the people) will cease to commit murder in the name of war; they will cease squandering money for the armaments of war; they will tax rich and poor in just proportion, and measure the worth of men in public and private life, not by wealth, or station, or creed, but by that which has been accomplished by men—as good and industrious citizens—in helping to make all the people better and happier in their struggle for existence.

Day Allen Willey in the August "Outing Magazine."

TURNING DESERTS INTO FARMS.

Were all of arid America fit for the living, it could be occupied by a third of the entire population of the United States. Go into the foothills of Colorado and Nevada. There the sage-brush spring from the sand as it does on the sunbaked mesas of Arizona and New Mexico away to the south. The statistician estimates that even in Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas fully seventy-five million acres will produce only a scanty herbage—just enough to keep range cattle alive a few weeks during the grazing season, yet these States are not considered a part of the desert.

Already a modern miracle has been wrought. The one who has not visited the oasis created by irrigation may scout this assertion, but should he chance into the valley through which the Rio Pecos flows, or in Colorado along the Poudre River, the landscape or field, orchard and which nature has created in a literal wilderness will convince him beyond the shadow of a doubt. In the Southwest, fruits and grains both of the tropic and temperate zones are to be seen growing in luxuriance where yesterday only greasewood, sage-brush and cactus existed. Yet the soil is unchanged, save for the application of water. It is that of the desert—without moisture, almost incapable of supporting life. When moistened, however, these particles of sand, even alkali rock, contain properties so fertile that from them springs vegetation more abundant and luxuriant than the crops that are gathered from the rich black loam of Indiana and Illinois and the fertile valleys of New York itself.

Although less than ten per cent. of the available area for irrigation has thus far been reached in Colorado itself no less than seventy-five per cent. of the lands available for cultivation depends upon the artificial water supply. These farms aggregate seven hundred and fifty thousand acres. The South Platte Valley, the most extensively irrigated region in the United States, including portions of Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, has two million acres which are artificially watered. Farms in Utah thus supplied aggregate three hundred thousand acres, Arizona contains one hundred thousand acres, New Mexico one hundred and fifty thousand acres, Nebraska one hundred thousand, while some of the most productive valleys of California which send their fruit and vegetables by the carload to all parts of United States as well as the principal cities of Europe, are nurtured entirely by wells and canals. Yet the average size of an irrigated farm is not over forty acres, which gives an idea of the millions of people who to-day depend upon these great waterworks for their livelihood.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

It is difficult for an American to understand that freedom, as we know it, does not exist in Russia. There the legal position of woman is far from satisfactory. She hardly ever belongs to herself, but is always under the tutelage of some one.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the entire control of her parents. Her coming of age does not alter her position. She simply changes the authority of her parents for the no less rigid authority of her husband. As the Russian statute puts it: One person cannot reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent."

The unlimited power of the parent is withdrawn, and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave her lord, even to visit a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is permitted to stay, and at the end of that time she is bound to return or to get the pass renewed.

A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not allowed to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence in Russia is always regarded as of less weight than that of a man.

5000 LEPROS.

From New York Press

Smallpox, or variola, was not known to the Romans before the sixth century. Leprosy is as different from it as palsy is from St. Vitus dance. What is this awful disease? Something endemic, chronic, malignant, with cutaneous lesion. It is a scabious affliction of a dreadful character, attacking nations negligent of cleanliness and the decencies of life. All that France and England gained by engaging in the crusades was leprosy; and of all that they took leprosy was the only thing that remained with them. In olden times every man laboring under the disease was imprisoned, like a thief or a robber. A woman who desired to get rid of her husband had only to secure the sanction of the priest, and the unfortunate partner was shut up. Moth holes and the mildew on walls were believed to be the effects of leprosy.

When we captured the Philippines for \$20,000,000, we took over to our care and protection some 5000 leprosy.

The disease was brought to Manila from Japan 2000 years ago. In Hawaii we have the most celebrated leper colony on earth. It is on the island of Molokai, otherwise Ka-anai-pali, the "land of precipices," consisting of some 200,000 acres.

The settlement is on an elevated, grassy plain of 8000 acres. The climate disposes one to lassitude and sleep.

There are about 1190 lepers in Molokai, and each has seven acres of ground. There is an abundance of fresh water in the cottages, hospitals and dispensaries. Every man, woman and child may draw 21 pounds of good beef every week, a liberal supply of taro, flour or bread, rice, tea, sugar, salt, tobacco and matches, and as much good clothing as required. A sum of money is paid to such as do not draw the full ration. We have leper colonies in New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans.

UNITED STATES FAR FROM A REPUBLIC.

Mrs. Ida Husted Harper in her address at the annual convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association, which has just closed in Portland, Ore., gave some facts which do not redound to the glory of our so-called great Republic. She said in part—

"There are 42 strong reasons why women cannot vote in the United States. The first and greatest lies in the National Constitution, the other 41 are found in the Constitutions of the different States. In these revered documents one little word of four letters, 'male,' is all that stands between 16,000,000 women and the suffrage."

"The religious, the property, the educational and the color qualifications have been swept away; but in the constitutions of all the States except four this word 'male' still remains in the suffrage clause, absolutely prohibiting to all women a voice in the government. Such is the situation to-day in the country which poses before the world as the greatest and most perfect Republic that ever existed; which exalts over all the nations of the earth as the only land of equal rights; which declares that its foundation, its corner-stone, the key-stone of its arch, is individual representation. The irony of it. The injustice, the tyranny, the disgrace of it."

"In no monarchy is there such arbitrary discrimination against one-half the people. There is not another country having an elected representative body, where this body itself may not extend the suffrage. Australia, by an act of its Parliament, enfranchised 850,000 women. The Parliament of New Zealand, by a single act, conferred the suffrage on 150,000. The Parliament of Great Britain has absolute power to grant the franchise to its millions of women. This is true of all the legislative bodies on the Continent of Europe. But the Government of the United States, in its overpowering desire to vest all authority in the people themselves, has placed one-half of the people in complete and helpless subjection to the other half."

LITTLE ROMANCES OF SAVINGS BANKS.

William S. Pover in "Success Magazine." A ragged little newsboy entered a Pittsburgh bank one day and boldly invaded the private office of the president.

"Say, mister," he said, "can I put some money in this bank?" "Certainly you can," the president answered; "how much do you want to deposit?"

"A quarter!" exclaimed the youngster, pulling a handful of pennies and nickel's out of his pocket. The banker took him over to the receiving teller and introduced him with all the deference that he would have shown to a millionaire.

The boy left the city soon after opening the account, but he kept adding to his deposit from time to time, and, as he was naturally bright and shrewd, everything he undertook prospered. He is back in Pittsburgh now, the head of a successful manufacturing concern and one of the bank's most valued customers.

A year ago a proud young father out in Michigan sent twenty-five dollars to open an account for his first-born son, then less than a week old. "The boy'll need it some of these days," he wrote, "and we may as well begin to save for him right off." Six months later a tear-dimmed letter came, asking to withdraw the money, to pay the little fellow's funeral expenses.

A working woman in a little town in New York sent a dollar bill in the name of her daughter, six years of age. "She'll be marrying by and by," she said, "and ought to have something to start life on." That was nearly two years ago, and almost every week since a dollar bill has been added to the account. There'll be a snug little marriage portion for the young lady some day, if nothing happens.

Not long ago a woman living in Illinois sent five dollars, with explicit instructions not to let her "old man" know about it, as "he'd be after spending every cent of it for drink."

ARTIFICIAL PARASITES.

The wonderful ability of plant germs to abstract from the soil or other source of nourishment the exact constituents needed for the development and perfection of the particular plant form from which it was derived, has been never better illustrated than in some recent experiments on artificial vegetable parasitism.

The investigators germinated a number of seeds of peas, and when the radicals had attained a length of, say one-quarter inch, they were inserted in the stalks of growing beans at a point about 15 inches

above the soil, a cut being made in the stem for the purpose. Afterward a plaster of paris mould was formed about the peas for their support. The grafted peas were grown in cold frames alongside of pea plants from the same lot of seed sown in the soil.

The parasite peas flourished, blossomed and produced seed which were but slightly smaller than those produced by the soil-grown plants. Later the seeds produced by the bean-peas were germinated and again inserted in bean plants as before, and a second generation of artificial parasites, the roots of which had never been in contact with the soil, produced vigorous, healthy plants.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Action of Liquid Air on the Activity of Seeds.—In a memoir read before the Academie des Sciences, M. Paul Bequerel publishes the results of his investigations on the action of cold on seeds, making use of liquid air. The interesting conclusion is reached that the resistance of seeds at low temperature depends on the quantity of water and gas contained. If the quantity is sufficient, the cold disorganizes the protoplasm and nucleus and renders all return of life impossible. But if the protoplasm has already reached by desiccation its maximum of concentration, or maximum of activity, it escapes the influence of low temperatures, and the seed preserves its germinating power.

Within comparatively recent years, that is, since aniline dyes have almost completely supplanted the mineral and vegetable dyes formerly used in coloring cotton textiles, an extensive demand for castor oil has sprung up in the industry of dyeing and printing cotton goods. Without presuming to invade the intricacies of the dyer's art, wherein secret recipes for the composition of colors and their application to cloth are the property of each individual dyer, it may be said that the general principle underlying the utility of this oil in coloring processes is that the aniline and alizarine dyes are soluble in sulphurated castor oil; in other natural fats and oils these oils, with few exceptions, are in general insoluble. In certain processes of dyeing and printing, therefore, castor oil enjoys a practical monopoly over all other oils.

1,400,000 STARVE YEARLY.

Dr. William Kershaw, an Indian of high caste, a professor in the University of Bombay, is in this country studying the republican form of government.

"The native Indians are more downtrodden than the Russian serfs," said the professor in speaking of his own country and people.

"I am as familiar with the conditions of the poorer classes in Russia as in my own country. For three years I lived in that country and was associated with Count Tolstoy in his travels, studying economical and social problems."

"English imperialism and the dishonesty of the King's representatives causes the untold oppression in India. The working classes in Russia are required to pay 30 per cent. of their income to the Government, while the Indian serfs are subjected to a tax of from 40 to 45 per cent."

"The serfs are so downtrodden in India that the offspring of the half-starved natives are sickly, weak and low of vitality. Every year 1,400,000 children because of their weak condition, die from starvation and disease incident to malnutrition. Because of their extreme poverty, made so by the heavy taxes imposed by the English Government, 2,000,000 men and women die annually. The death rate is 33 to 40 in each 1000 annually."

"In India there are 60,000,000 persons who cannot afford to spend twelve and one-half cents a year for clothing. This poverty-stricken condition, which is severe enough because of the great population, is emphasized by the English Government in every direction. The taxes are excessive, and, in addition, the natives are required to support 7000 clergymen. These are nuisances."

"I have the highest regard for Christianity, but why should we of another faith be compelled to support those who teach what we do not believe?"

"There are 400,000,000 Hindus and Asiatics who are hoping to see the United States—the exponent of liberty—take the lead in bringing about a changed condition in India."

Dr. Kershaw has been in the United States three months. He has visited Harvard, Cornell, Johns Hopkins and other educational institutions. He will visit the University of Pennsylvania.

WOMEN HELP WANTED.

Women help wanted at the Collegeville Cannery. For particulars call at the office at the Cannery, or address, THE CANNING COMPANY, Collegeville, Pa.

Dead Animals Removed

FREE OF CHARGE.

Prepared meat for Poultry, \$2.00 per cwt. Nothing better.

Highest cash price paid for tuberculosis cattle delivered. Phone messages paid for.

United Phone 629. Farmhouse Phone 629. Bell Phone 209. Visit Village.

Geo. W. Schweiker, PROVIDENCE SQUARE, PA.

TAX NOTICE.
The undersigned has in readiness the school and borough tax duplicates of the borough of Collegeville for 1905, and will receive payment of said taxes. All persons who shall within 60 days from July 29, 1905, make payment of any taxes charged against them in said duplicates shall be entitled to a reduction of 5 per centum from the amount thereof.
JOHN H. BARTMAN,
Tax Collector for the Borough of Collegeville.

COUNTY TREASURER'S TAX NOTICES.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly approved March 17, 1885, and supplementary Acts thereto, the Treasurer of Montgomery county will send the Taxpayers of said county at the following named times and places for the purpose of receiving the State, County and Bog Taxes for the year 1905, assessed in their respective districts, viz:
Taxes will be received at the County Treasurer's office from June 1 to September 15, from 8:30 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 to 3 p. m.
Correspondence to receive attention must be accompanied by postage for reply and in all cases location of property, whether in Township or Borough, must be definitely given.
Inquiries relative to taxes received after September 15 will not be answered.
Taxes not paid to the County Treasurer on or before September 15, 1905, will be given into the hands of a collector when 5 per cent. will be added for collection as per Act of Assembly.
HENRY B. FREED,
Treasurer of Montgomery County.
County Treasurer's Office, Norristown, Pa.

The "Bulls" OF Wall St.

are at present sounding the trumpet call expecting to interest people in the stock market. Just as soon as the "public" have bought the stocks the Bulls have to sell, prices may be expected to go down.

About that time many will wish they had their money on deposit with this Company at 3 per cent. interest.

PENN TRUST CO.

Cor. Main and Swede Sts. • NORRISTOWN, PA.

"The Company that pays 3% interest for every day the money is on deposit."

Fall and Winter SHOES ARE HERE.

SCHOOL SHOES, \$1.00 to \$1.85. Built for wear. Freed Bros. and Kreider's make best we know of.
SHOES FOR WOMEN, all styles, in kid, kid, also box calf, \$1.50 to \$3.00.
SHOES FOR MEN, Box calf, velvet calf, velvet kid, leather, \$1.50 to \$3.50.
LADIES SHOES, all styles, \$2.00.

Main St. Norristown. H. L. Nyce.

YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE

In making your purchases at FENTON'S STORE. Years of experience enables the proprietor to know just what to buy, how to buy, and how to sell the thousands of new articles kept in stock in a thoroughly equipped general store.

In DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, DRIED FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, or in any department of the big store on the corner you will find what you want at the right price.

Ready-made Pantaloons and Overalls, Overcoats, and Freed's Boots and Shoes are among the specialties.

Crockery and Glassware, Paints, Oil, Putty, Hardware.

Gents' Furnishing Goods in variety.

W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Summer Underwear FOR ALL, - IN ALL SIZES. -

Collars, Ties, Suspenders, Lace Collars, Belts, Fancy Work, Mullins, Gingham, Ready-made Wrappers, Aprons, &c. Also DRESSMAKERS' SUPPLIES, and all the little things you just need at

Mrs. Frances Barrett's,

MAIN ST., NEAR STATION, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Laurel's Again!
The Paris Exposition has made the Gold Medal Award to

L. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY
Gold medals were also awarded at New Orleans, St. Louis, and World's Fair, Chicago 1893.

For Sale by WM. F. A. TITUS.

New Fall and Winter Flannels Have Arrived

Some of our Fall Flannels and Hosiery have already arrived and are now displayed on our counters, and we invite you to call and look them over. You need feel under no obligation whatever to buy, but just look them over and see if they do not suggest some ideas for your Fall and Winter household needs.

Outing Flannel

Heavy bodied with thick nap, and prettily striped; full ten cent value offered at 6% cents.

White Outing Flannel

Special offering in plain white at 5 cents a yard. Comes only in pieces from 5 to 10 yard lengths.

Flannelettes (Double Fold)

The first showing of pretty serviceable dress material in rich aristocratic patterns, and the price only 12 1/2 cents.

Cotton Suitings

In New England Homespun and Covert weaves, 12 1/2 and 16 cents.

Bate's Gingham

New styles in 50 patterns of this standard material. Our patterns are intended for school dresses, boys' waists and women's suits.

Ladies' Hose

The new stock is in with plain blacks at 13 cents or 2 pairs for 25 cents.

Fancy Black Hose,

very pretty and extra well wearing, at 25 cents.

Embroidered Black

cotton hose, high quality, at 25, 40 and 50 cents.

Silk Lisle

This is a stocking that wise women will buy up readily at the price, 35 and 50 cts.

Silk Embroidered

stockings of fine lisle, daintily ornamented and very genteel in appearance, but sturdy in wear, 50 and 75 cents.

BRENDLINGERS NORRISTOWN.

White and Colored 49 cent Blankets; full size with colored edge. A special price sale.

"It's Just Like This!"

When you have occasion to introduce any Plumbing Fixtures, or to have your home heated with steam or hot water, you want only the most skillful mechanics to plan and execute the work.

"It's Just Like This!"

Plumbing Fixtures, or a Heating Apparatus, are not put in for a day. Under proper conditions they last for generations.

"It's Just Like This!"

We are prepared to submit plans and install the latest style Plumbing Fixtures, or the most efficient Steam or Hot Water Heating Apparatus, at the lowest price consistent with good material and workmanship.

"It's Just Like This!"

When you find it necessary to have any repairs made, send us your orders. We will not keep you waiting, nor will we put you to any avoidable inconvenience.

GEO. F. CLAMER, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

BORNEMAN DENTAL PARLORS

AGAIN AT THE OLD PLACE, 209 Swede Street, Norristown, Pa.

PLATES, FILLINGS, BRIDGE WORK.

OVER 25,000 GALLONS OF PURE GAS ADMINISTERED IN 34 MONTHS.

Charges Reasonable. Examination Free. All work guaranteed to be satisfactory. GERMAN SPOKEN.

In Days Gone By

When minutes were not so precious it was all very well to go by an hour glass or to guess at the time of day. But nowadays everybody needs a thoroughly reliable watch—the kind we sell.

Waltham, Elgin, Hamilton.

All full jewelled and all guaranteed. We can talk WATCHES from \$1.25 up.

Respectfully, H. REDFIELD.

Fresh Fish every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

SEASONABLE GOODS

Blankets of Every Description. Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

Dress Goods, Gingham, Colicoes—good qualities at reasonable prices.

FREED SHOES

For Men, Ladies and Children, the kind that wear.

Complete Line of GROCERIES

And Provisions.

International Stock Food and Poultry Powder.

E. G. Brownback, TRAPPE, PA.

PERKINSON VALLEY Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Montgomery County.

Incorporated May 13, 1871.

Insures Against Fire and Storm.

INSURANCE IN FORCE, \$9,000,000.

Office of the Company: COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

A. D. FETTEROLF, SECRETARY. H. W. KRAUTZ, President.

Regular office day of the Secretary, Friday of each week; also every evening.

GET YOUR Posters Printed at the Independent Office.

